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A DISAPPOINTED TIGER.



Contractor McDonald says that his contract to build the tunnel is not a political contract and Tammany Hall has not and will not have anything to do with it.

OUT ON SIGNS AND SPELLS!

It is a long time no more curious reading matter has been printed in New York than the extracts from the books of Mme. Jones, dealer in love charms and other magic compounds, who is now "out on bail" in Brooklyn. The Madame had been doing business for several years. Her income for 1899 was \$3,638. Which tends to exhibit the City of Churches as an excellent field for the practice of black art.

Some of the queer entries showed that Catherine Schuss paid \$5 to humble her husband; that Charles Smith wanted to influence Lottie "to go to lunch with him some day" and paid \$1 for the necessary charm, and that Belle Levy paid \$50 cents for luck and a divorce. Mamie Murray broke a glass and paid \$5 to counteract the bad luck and incidentally to get Walter Jones, while Cornelia Lancaster wanted to obtain influence over William Lancaster.

A few weeks ago a centre of superstitious interest was developed in Boston. A reputable dealer in curios suddenly became the purveyor of a magic "Hindoo three-ring good-luck box." He got so many orders he couldn't fill them all. The boxes went into every part of the country. Wall street called for hundreds of them. But if they brought good luck to any purchasers they certainly did the reverse for the seller. He became a fugitive, his store was closed, and one place that knew a good business knows it no more.

Superstition which costs money is another form of the human credulity which made the Franklin 500-per-cent syndicate a possibility. It is a more natural and perhaps a more legitimate form, for it is a lingering heritage from our far-back heathen progenitors—a heritage freshened at various stages of history by such relay forces as the witchcraft crusades of Cotton Mather's time.

But before you have too good a time at the victims of Mme. Jones and of the good-luck box take a careful account of your own state of mind about some things. The glass house of Superstition has a good many inhabitants who can't altogether afford to be throwing stones.

Do you hesitate to begin a new project on Friday? Has the number 13 a certain terror for you? Would you stand under an umbrella opened in the house? Do you go under or around a ladder in the street? How about your feelings when salt is spilled on the table or you see the new moon over your left shoulder? Moreover, would you tremble with foreboding at the breaking of a looking-glass?

Perhaps you believe dropping a dishcloth means company coming, or that rocking an empty cradle bodes ill for the child, or that a bright spark in the candle means a letter.

If you are affected by one of these minor superstitions why not by all? And if you must adhere to them all, why not to black art and love spells as well? Are you specially gifted to say that this sign is true while that is false; that this spell will work and that charm is a delusion?

Superstition is quite as potent a monster as Vice when once embraced. The struggle to cast it aside is apt to be a hard one, and even great learning is not always an effective ally to the struggler. Nevertheless the fight is worth while. It's a pitiful sort of thing for a man who fails to try and shift the responsibility off upon a Friday or a "13" or his wife's opal ring or the malign influences of the planets.

"Luck is a fool," and never a greater one than when he tries to beguile destiny by signs, star-mappings and magic.

"Fate is a hero" when he relies on his own strength, patience and gifts, manfully accepting on his shoulders the load of success or of failure that results from his labors.

As for love, when it "could teach a monarch to be wise," is it like to submit to the wiles of any charlatan or compounder of charms?

Let us build up no more good business for a Mme. Jones or a Hindoo hokum-maker. Rather we will give money for happy little homes on acres of sweet land.

The Grand Jury and the Third Avenue scandal. A day-to-day, an end when the last pirate has been executed in an indictment.

John C. is to be disbanded of the 18th and a captain in rapid transit.

John Jones and the Third Avenue scandal. A day-to-day, an end when the last pirate has been executed in an indictment.

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NO PITY FOR DISCONTENTED WOMEN.

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

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Of all women who have woes, real or imaginary, discontented women are the least to be pitied, for they bring about their own troubles, and nurse them much more zealously than the blessings that strewn their path.

The discontented woman lives in open rebellion with God. He has a certain niche in life for each human being whom He creates to fill. Do His creatures know better than He the path that is fittest for their feet to travel?

"A contented mind is indeed a continual feast"—and there is a world of truth, too, in the words:

Four discontent that quarrels with our fate
May give fresh smart, but not the old abate;
The uneasy passions' disingenuous wit
The ill reveals, but hides the benefit.

If the chance of birth has given you as your portion poverty instead of wealth, and a life of toil instead of an existence of luxurious idleness, do not rail at fate, but accept the situation with a cheery heart, firm in the faith that God will better your situation if He finds you worthy of advancement.

They who have so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but their own dispositions will waste their lives in fruitless efforts and multiply the causes for discontent. The society woman is discontented because a newer and stronger power than herself has dawned on the social world.

The housewife is discontented because her neighbor has a better furnished home than hers.

The seamstress, because her work is so arduous.



LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

The saleslady, because she feels within her the knowledge that she could fill with grace a higher position on life's plane, were she not kept down by the environments of an unkind fate.

The brain-toler, because so many, seemingly less worthy of the world's applause and recognition, pass her by on the road to fame.

And last, but by no means least, the pretty housemaid, because the Lord does not hurry some man along to marry her, though she would jump from the frying pan into the fire with both eyes open. The benefits of a good home, liberal wages, kind and ap-

preciative people, who would be true friends if sickness or death threatened; all this is forgotten in the discontent over the Lord's tardiness in not sending around a man.

All this is very wrong, my dear. You must overcome that discontented feeling; conquer it with an iron will and a firm resolve.

Strive to do your best, and cheerfully, in whatever walk of life you may be placed, and leave God to work out the rest for you as He wills.

Rest assured He will choose a better future for you than you could select, knowing what you will have to pass through in the years that are to come.

Be ambitious for wise advancement.

In every move take a step forward, never take a step backward.

Never leap eagerly out of a safe certainty for an uncertainty.

Steer your bark on life's ocean carefully past the places where the shoals and jagged rocks lie, if you would not be shipwrecked.

She hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world she wends,
If on each stage from youth to age
Grim discontent attends.

I would say most earnestly to the discontented woman—take care, beware, my dear, lest the Lord rebuke you by sending you far greater troubles to contend with than you have now.

Be cheery, and hope, no matter how dreary your surroundings.

There is no road so long but there is an end to it.

Laura Jean Libbey writes for The Evening World by permission of the Family Story Paper.

FUN AT A GLANCE.

A CHANCE AT LAST.



"Why did Miss Antique refuse to have a doctor during her last illness?"
"She heard that marriages were made in heaven."

NO DREARY WAIT FOR HER.

"Of course," he said, "I don't believe a man has the right to hug and kiss a girl at will just because they happen to be engaged."

She was silent for a while. At last she spoke.

"Alfred," she said, "I have changed my mind. I do not believe in long engagements. Let us not wait until next fall. How will a week from Thursday suit you?"

THE REASON WHY.



She—I wonder why young Saphedde wears a monocle?
He—To prevent him seeing more than he can comprehend. I suppose.—Philadelphia Press.

PROBLEM.



What's the next move?—Punch.

AN EXPLANATION.

Whien—How in the world did you ever come to accept old Wigby? He must be seventy years old, if he's a day.

Grady—Well, what if he is? He's carrying \$200,000 life insurance.

Helen—Oh, that's different!

THAT'S THE NAME.



Old Man—War? There never ought to be been so war nor there wouldn't have been if it weren't for that there Joe-Joe; what's his name?
Young Man—Hannabury?
Old Man—Aye; that's the name!

THE DAY'S LOVE STORY.

A PENITENT PIANIST.

STANTON! Up so early?

It was not an unusually early hour for rising, judged by the ordinary standards. But Stanton Biglow was a police reporter, doing night work—not the most idealistic labor for a man who had come out with flying colors at Harvard.

"Oh, confound it, Aunt Alice, who could sleep with that eternal racket going on overhead?"

"I have noticed it," Mrs. Biglow admitted timidly. "I never liked it." The indefatigable musician on the floor above burst into a brave bravura. Stanton groaned.

"I've heard music compared to mercy," he soliloquized, staring at the ceiling. "But no one wants the gentle dew from heaven keeping him awake. If it bleaseth him that gives and him that takes, I wish some one who wants it more than I do could take my share. I'll see about a change!"

And he did see about it one morning. Fortified by Mary Ann's juicy steak and particularly fragrant coffee, and conscious that his new suit of clothes was becoming, he ran up the stairs to the flat overhead.

He knocked. The music ceased.

"Come in!" called a youthful voice.

He went into a bit of a hall, then into a gay little parlor from which the voice had proceeded. The blue and white India matting on the floor looked clean and cool. The cushioned rattan chairs were inviting. The skylight draperies blowing at the open window were delightfully summery. But it was the girl who started up from the piano—a slender young girl in a gown of cornflower blue—that held enchained the appreciative gaze of Stanton Biglow.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she cried. "I thought you were a friend of mine."

"I wish I might be!" returned Biglow. Their eyes met in a flashing smile.

"It is I, who should beg pardon," he went on. "I live in the flat below. My name is Stanton Biglow. My aunt has been intending to call upon you and"—

He paused.

"My sister?" she supplemented innocently. "Yes? Hardly."

"And on your sister, Mrs. Hardley. But she was so hardy."

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QUERIES BY AND ANSWERS FOR THE EVENING WORLD READERS.

Blue and White. Brown and White.
What are the colors of Barnard College and of Brown University?
SUS-FREEMAN.

A Creation of the Author.
Was Sherlock Holmes a real man or merely an object of Conan Doyle's imagination? Has he been what is attributed to him?
H. M. S.

Legal Anywhere.
Is marriage by an Alaman in City Hall legal in any part of this (New York) State, or only in New York City?
F. D. S.

Cooper Union.
Is there any place in New York where I can learn stenography for nothing?
YOUNG GIRL.

As Courtesy, No.
Is it unlawful to advertise for sale Confederate money?
A. O. Z.

About Seventy-eight Millions.
What is the population of the United States?
JACK WEBER.

He Is Her Grandson.
Is the Emperor William of Germany related to the Queen of England?
SWIFE.

Thursday.
On what day did Jan. 15, 1863, fall?
NELLIE MORAN.

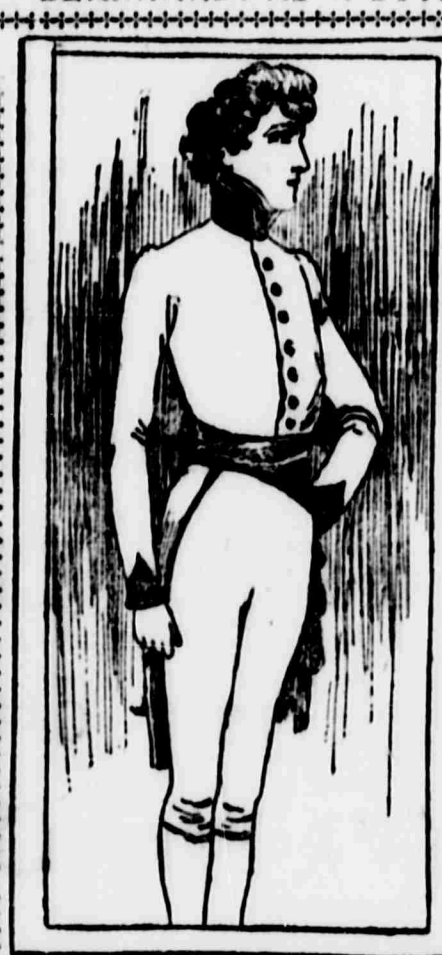
The Twelfth.
What was the date of the second Tuesday in November, 1897?
L. P. Z.

BIRTHDAY LUCK For March 27.

If you were born on March 27 this is the meaning of the day for you:

It is a fair day. Your coming year is an active one, with changes, journeys and additions. Some home disturbances are indicated, and it will be well for you to remember that the way of the transgressor is hard. Be content to wait and see what comes. Continued by the Editor, March 27, 1900.

BERNHARDT AS A BOY.



This picture from La Cigoli shows the divine Sarah as she appears in the character of the young Duke de Reichstadt, son of Napoleon I., in Edmond Rostand's new historical drama, "L'Aiglon." In which Miss Bernhardt has made the hit of the century in Paris. Bernhardt lived in boy's clothes for four months previous to appearing in this play. Camille Maudsley says, so that she would not appear new, awkward or obtrusively feminine in the costume.

THE WORLD'S LA GRIPE CURE.

Phenacetine 15 grains
Quinine 15 grains
Cocaine 5-grain

Divide this quantity into six powders and take one every hour for four hours; after that take one every two or three hours.

This dose is for an adult. Any druggist will put it up for you.

The Paris Bang.

PARIS has a new bang. It does not relinquish the dearly beloved pompadour; it only shortens and reduces its size, making it a cushion against which the new bang reposes and giving an effect of the big fluffy bang which was popular for so many years and is still worn by the Princess of Wales and her daughter-in-law, the Duchess of York. It will come down to the eyebrows, so that the hat tilting forward will not entirely obscure it. The two sides of the pompadour will be shortened and the bang will be worn at its edge to cover that bare high forehead which all mature women dislike so much, and if the hat is to cover the forehead the stiff roll will only be in the way. The severely simple method of parting the hair in the middle and carrying it back in smooth folds on each side of the head is too trying for any age, and both old and young will welcome the return of the fluffy bang.

SHIRT WAIST TUCKING.



This year's elaboration is no name for the making of shirt waists, particularly those of thin white material. Our illustration shows a fancy square tuckered effect, designed for thin, plain fabrics generally, but white lawn in particular. The small eighth-inch tucks, running both ways, on both body and sleeves, form a lattice work of such knots that is very new and stylish in the extreme. This trend is especially noticeable in the new gowns.

LIFE.

A CRUST of bread and a corner to sleep in, a minute to smile and an hour to weep in. A pot of boy to a rock of trouble, and never a laugh, but the means came double; And that is life!

A crust and a corner that love makes precious, With the smile to warm and the tears to refresh us; And joy seems sweeter when comes after, And a moon is the finest of follies for laughter; And that is life!

—Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

Popular Tints.

THE hydrangea tints are to be seen in every thing, those soft blues and lavenders combined in ribbons, silks and other fabrics. The flowers themselves are on the hats, and in one of them they are in two close rows on either side of the hat, crepe, featherlike, in a way that is reminiscent of every other winter hat that has been seen this year.

LESSONS IN EATING.

By Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

NO. 8—HOW TO DRINK TEA.

MOST women and a great many men are tea drinkers. Hence a few words regarding the amber beverage will not be misplaced. Tea may be served with sugar or cream, if one prefers, or in the more approved fashion, clear with a slice of lemon.

Take the tea from a spoon until it has become sufficiently cooled to admit of drinking. Then raise the cup to the lips and sip it slowly and quietly. When drinking tea from the cup be sure to leave the spoon in the saucer. It is the height of bad manners to take one's tea with the spoon still in the cup or to drink it from the saucer.

Do not use more than one hand to aid in raising the cup to the lips.

Do not sip noisily.

It is permissible to ask for a second cup of tea whether at breakfast or at an afternoon function.

When serving tea at a reception or to one's intimates do not offer sandwiches with it. They are reserved for coffee and chocolate. Thin wafers, plain or sugar crackers are offered with tea.

In many homes tea takes the place of coffee at breakfast, in accordance with the English custom.

WHEN YOU SIP YOUR TEA.



The Proper Way to Drink It. Never Take Tea from the Saucer.

LOVE VS. LOGIC.

She—I'm very sorry, but I can never be your wife.
He—Oh, that's all right. If you are cruel enough to refuse my offer, then you are unworthy of a love so great as mine, therefore I do not love you any more. Good night.

HIGH LIVING.

Mrs. Newby—I received a letter from my niece in Boston this morning. She says she has meningitis.
Mrs. Oldham—No wonder that girl's always ailing! when she eats such fool stuff as that. Corn beef and cabbage is good enough for me.

FIRST AID TO WOUNDED HEARTS.

Is He Rich Enough?
Is a young man who has \$750 or \$800 cash and who is receiving a salary of \$15 a week in a position to marry and live in the city?
ANXIOUS.

In a modest way a man and wife may live comfortably upon the sum you mention, provided the girl is capable, economical and prudent.

A Case of Fouting.
Last week I had a quarrel with a young gentleman who called to see me for about two years. It was not a quarrel, but a case of fouting, for which I am willing to take all the blame. I am very fond of him, and I know that he is of me, and I am perplexed, as he has not come near the house since nor have I seen him. I appeal to you to kindly aid me.

A BROKEN HEARTED GIRL.
If you were to blame me I must try and make amends. Write the young man a nice little note and tell him you are sorry for having behaved as you did. If he really cares for you he will be only too glad to accept your apologies.

A Brain Acquaintance.
I am a young man twenty-six years old. I have never been married. But two months ago I met a girl who was very pretty and very modest, a perfect lady. I love her very much. None of my friends knows her. Would it be proper to present her with my card?
A. W. E.

No; it would be highly improper for you to present the lady with your card. If she is a good, self-respecting girl who would very properly regard such an action as most insulting. Where there is a will there is a way. If you make up your mind to become acquainted with this young lady you can certainly do so properly in the course of time.

Friend Cut Him Out.
About four months ago I was introduced to a young lady with whom I fell deeply in love. I have been keeping company with her until a short time ago. I introduced a friend of mine to her, and ever since she seems as if she cares more for him than she does for me. Will you kindly advise me?

BROKEN HEART.
You were a very foolish man to introduce your friend before you were certain as to your own standing with the young lady. There is nothing new to do but to make yourself more attractive to the girl than the other man. It is your own fault that you have introduced a rival between you and the girl.

THEIR EYES MET IN A FLASHING SMILE.
Specially busy this morning, and she could not come up herself to say—
"Yes!" she said interrogatively.
"Oh, yes, to say that she—I—that is, we, nothing low fond you were of music, thought you might accept tickets to the matinee at Studebaker Hall this afternoon. She—I"—hastily—"shall not be able to attend."

That week Mrs. Biglow called on Mrs. Hardley. The next time Lucile Farnsworth went to an entertainment it was Stanton who took her.
"Do you have to work at night," she remonstrated sympathetically. "You can sleep only in the morning. How," quickly as the thought occurred to her, "can I help you?"

THEIR EYES MET IN A FLASHING SMILE.